Volume LXII CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 4, 1909 Number 23

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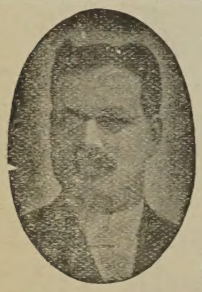

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1909. NUMBER 23.

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; and those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return no more!

—*John J. Ingalls.*

OPPORTUNITY.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.
Wail not for precious chances passed away;
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day;—
At sunrise every soul is born again.
Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped;
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come!

—*Walter Malone of Memphis in Munsey's Magazine.*

"The Cow and the College" is the title of an article in *Collier's Weekly* for January 23. The picture of Loretta D. and the discussion of the college-bred cow carries with it as many sociological and spiritual suggestions as economic, to say the least.

The *Quarterly Bulletin* of the Meadville Theological School for January contains a lecture on "Unitarianism and Philanthropy" by Rev. W. H. Fish, in which the labor and teachings of Channing, Joseph Tuckerman, Miss Mary Carpenter and Frances Power Cobbe are noted. The bulletin also contains Part I. of a general catalogue which reaches from '46 to '53. An interesting number.

The addition of the names of James H. West of Boston and Joseph Newton of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to our list of editorial contributors is but a tardy recognition of a fact long in existence, the omission indicating a lack of editorial enterprise rather than of editorial appreciation. Our readers will be delighted if this typographical recognition of the co-partnership and fellowship which has existed for many years will stimulate the brothers named to do it a little more often than ever before.

The January second number of *Charities,* the Pittsburg Survey number, suddenly bloomed into the size, beauty and attractiveness of the illustrated magazines. The pictures contain remarkable studies of racial and labor types, and the facts presented introduce one to the whole realm of modern economics and sociological studies. We hope that this most creditable magazine will be encouraged to continue these "surveys" of great cities. This publication must have immense influence upon Pittsburg life, reaching from the capitalist's counting room to the pulpit; from the policeman on his beat to the councilman in his chamber. Such a survey of Chicago would be of immense value to this city, and we hope it will materialize in due time.

The Senate of the United States has a great opportunity to help restore the sanity of the United States in regard to the bigger navy over which the House of Representatives has apparently gone crazy. In 1907 President Roosevelt, in a letter to the New York Peace Congress, said:

"We are no longer enlarging our navy, we are simply keeping up its strength, for the addition of one battle ship a year barely enables us to make good the units which become obsolete. The most practical step in diminishing the burden of expense caused by increasing the size of naval armaments would, I believe, be by an agreement limiting the size of all ships hereafter to be built."

This is altogether a sane note out of what seems to us the one crazy spot in the President's brain. In defiance to all this, the United States is pushing for bigger and still bigger ships, and now the House has voted for two more of the "biggest yet," apparently taking as authoritative and oracular the chance rhetoric of Senator Allison who last year promised two battle ships a year as an ameliorating clause. The United States ought to cease its prating about peace or else quit provoking the war spirit and stimulating the competition in battle ships.

"Joint Guardianship" is one of the many by-products of the woman suffrage movement. This is a provision by which both father and mother are entitled to the custody, service and earnings of their child, and neither one has a right to transfer such custody to any third person without the consent of the other; and if either parent, by death or otherwise, is withdrawn from such custody, the other parent is entitled to the child. This manifest justice, a law of nature

which reveals itself in the higher brute realms long before it reaches the human, is still unrecognized on the statutes of most of the states in this boasted progressive nation. The question is now before the California legislature. According to the *Woman's Journal*, only twelve states and the District of Columbia now recognize equal guardianship, which was established by the very first legislature held in Colorado after the enfranchisement of women. While the newspapers, politicians and statesmen, north and south, were angrily discussing the status of the slave and disputing over the problem of emancipation, Lincoln was quietly writing the proclamation that would put an end to the belated relic of barbarism, and the document was already completed while the agitation was going on. Thus it is today. While still woman suffrage is the subject ofwordy, sometimes frothy debate on both sides, and the agitation seems to amount to nothing, quietly but surely the law which is at once the verdict of civilization, the demand of justice and the decree of fate is being written, and some of these days the American people and the civilized world will awake to a realization that the decree has been formulated beyond recall and will wonder that its proclamation has been so hindered.

In these days when there is a lamentable recrudescence of the war spirit, a reactionary glorification of the military in some quarters, an insane tendency to multiply the enginery of destruction known as "warships" and a wicked misappropriation of money in this direction by Congress, in the face of the countertrend of philosophic, religious and civic wisdom on the matter, a protest against capital punishment may seem old fashioned and quite out of date. For this very reason perhaps, a modest little pamphlet issued by "The Friends' Bookstore," 304 Arch street, Philadelphia, containing "an address of the representative of the religious society of Friends for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, issued 12th month, 18th, 1908," is a most timely contribution. The address is academic in its handling; it gives careful results which have followed the abolition of capital punishment wherever tried, and the number of places where it has been tried is surprising. We learn here that Belgium had no execution since 1863; France has until recently suspended the executioner's salary since 1907; Holland abolished capital punishment in 1870; the new code of Italy abolished it in 1899, Portugal in 1867, Switzerland in 1874; half of the death sentences in recent years have been commuted in England; five states in the Union have abolished the death penalty, viz., Maine, Kansas, Wisconsin, Michigan, Rhode Island, and there has been no increase of crime. Other states are wrestling with the problem. The testimony of Lafayette, Benjamin Franklin, John Quincy Adams, Charles Sumner, Thomas B. Reed and others is offered. We wish all our preacher readers would send for this pamphlet and begin over again in their pulpit education. We need to rebuild the faith of the people on the law of love, the sanctity of life.

Contemporary Saints

Spiritual discernment is that which enables us to appreciate present sanctities. It is a lack of faith, a dullness of vision, the irreligion of the church that postpones the crown of saintship to the noble, sometimes centuries after the translation, and then haltingly waits upon the will of cardinals and the decision of popes before the sanctions of God are endorsed by man. It is the greater religiousness of this age that recognizes the heroism of the living, the deathless inspiration of self-sacrifice in the flesh, the kinship between the blushing, halting man with an English accent and a cut-away coat who stands by the key-board, keeps still and keeps at it when the side of the ship is battered, the fog-draped decks crowded with excited passengers, and sends through leagues of fog and cloud the subtle cry for help which brings the relief ship that saves hundreds of lives and perpetuates the joy and power of homes scattered throughout a continent. Says Wex Jones in the *Chicago Examiner*:

"He isn't a hero booted and spurred;
He hasn't a lance or a sword;
He just sits at his post and passes the word,
That's to save all the hundreds aboard.

Who is he?
Binns, plain Binns.
Talk about heroes,
And Binns
Just grins.

"He isn't a soldier who swoops on the foe
With a cheer and the promise of glory;
He just sticks to the job while the ship settles low,
And flashes the salvors the story.

And his name?
Binns, plain Binns.
Talk about glory,
And Binns
Just grins.

"He isn't a picturesque person at all,
To be spotted at once in a mob,
But it's cheerful to know that whatever befall
There's a fellow like Binns on the job.

"That same Binns, plain Binns,
Will peel off his coat when trouble begins.
Talk of Binns
And America grins."

Benignant Translations

Ellen Emerson, the guide and guardian of the great American in his later years, the conserver of his home and its sanctities after his departure, she who perpetuated his hospitality and realized in the actual flesh his high demand of human nature that would demonstrate its divinity in lowly ways, real democracy, in actual life, and prove saintliness to one's next door neighbors, has followed her beloved father into that realm which contained no terrors to him or to her.

Miss Emerson was the philosophy her father expounded, and demonstrated the potency and vitality of the sentences which perhaps as abstract statements she distrusted. It was left her gracious brother, Doctor Emerson, to edit and interpret the father's poetry with rare delicacy and penetrating insight, while it was the part of Miss Emerson to demonstrate the vitality of the same, to offer in life a vindication of his serene philosophy. In the father the Yankee and the Brahmin were marvelously compounded, to the ennoblement of both Yankee and Brahmin. In his energetic and yet gentle daughter the Brahmin was less manifest; he was not retired, but more effectually absorbed, and his presence was discoverable chiefly in the charitable incarnations, the generous impulses, and the serene immediateness of her faith.

Mr. Emerson's thought and life carried him beyond the conscious lines of church organizations and denominational problems and enthusiasms. Miss Ellen found many of her joys and enthusiasms inside these limitations. The *Christian Register* does well in giving extended columns to her memorial, written by two of Miss Emerson's pastors, ministers of the Unitarian church at Concord. For, to the end, she was a glad parishioner and a devoted helper in the cause. The last time the present writer saw Miss Emerson was many years ago at a Saratoga National Conference of the Unitarians. The frail father was leaning upon her strong arm in the corridors of the United States hotel. The cordial greeting of the daughter was followed by a genial clasp of the father's hand, a gracious word, and a radiant smile, and they passed on. A few moments after there was the patter of short steps in the rear and a gentle tap on the shoulder; on turning, there was seen again the great face, now lit with animation and recognition as he said, "Pardon me, I want to take your hand again, sir; I did not realize till just now that you were my Ellen's Mr. Jones from the West. She is so much interested in your work and I have often been delighted with her reports."

Yes, Ellen Emerson was much interested in those campaigning days of the Editor of UNITY. More than once did she send tangible evidence and the still more intangible encouragements. Her good will was embodied in the little church across the way, and the tokens of her interest in the Abraham Lincoln Centre and the Emerson Hall within its walls are tenderly cherished.

From Concord, Massachusetts, to Columbus, Wisconsin, is a far flight in space, even in the days of limited express trains, but Hattie Tyng Griswold was of the Emerson household. She also was a child of a dealer in ideas. The earliest recollections of the present writer contain memories of Elder Tyng, the Universalist colporteur who used to drive around among the pioneer settlements of Wisconsin, distributing the tracts that declared for the eternal hope and preached against the doctrine of eternal damnation. The liberal religious paper of those days that found its way into the log house of the Lloyd Jones's was the *"New Covenant,"* the organ of the Universalists, edited by the Skinners and the Livermores in Chicago. In the "Poet's Corner" of that paper we first made the acquaintance of Hattie Tyng, subsequently Hattie Tyng Griswold, and that acquaintance, which long antedates UNITY, though its story runs through thirty-one years, has continued and intensified to the end. The visits to her home were as halting places in the oasis to desert travelers. The fellowship and confidence of her daughters are precious bequests of the mother to UNITY and its editor. UNITY readers have profited by the direct fruits of Mrs. Griswold's pen but more by the indirect support and cheer of her spirit. The quiet home in the Wisconsin village throughout these long years was a literary workshop from which came poems that in due time were gathered into a volume of "Apple Blossoms" and studies in literary biography that were gathered into a charming volume on "Home-Life of Great Athorsu"; there were many other stories, essays, etc., and back of those, benignant leadership on culture, reform and civic lines, such as are possible only to a spirit refined by wide reading, sustained by high faith and guided by a public spirit void of self-seeking and shielded by humility.

The Senior Editor of UNITY is moved to add a personal word of tribute to the fitting *In Memoriam* from the pen of another, found in these columns, to the memory of J. H. Palmer. Mr. Palmer's interest in UNITY is co-extensive with its age. His sympathies with UNITY's message were profound; he enjoyed to a full measure the confidence and fellowship of Unitarians and Universalists, and served both with equal freedom on his part and satisfaction on their part; and still both these names were inadequate counters of the gospel he preached, and failed to represent the inclusive fellowship which he believed in and to a large extent was able to realize in his gentle and high ministry.

Thus the ranks are thinning but we cannot believe they are weakening. So far as their going hence leaves vacancies, there must be those to file in and fill the gaps; but, so far as such a going hence is only transforming essentials from mortality to immortality; UNITY's endowment has been greatly increased.

COMPENSATION.

I saw him across the dingy street,
  A little old cobbler, lame, with a hump,
Yet his whistle came to me clear and sweet
  As he stitched away at a dancing pump.

Well, some of us limp while others dance;
  There's none of life's pleasures without alloy.
Let us thank heaven, then, for the chance
  To whistle, while mending the shoes of joy.

—Grace MacGowan Cooke, in Lippincott's Magazine for April.

THE PULPIT.

"Navy Mad"

The following is from a recent sermon by Rev. Edward Cummings of the South Congregational Church, Boston, on the "Family of Nations," given on the Sunday following a sermon by him on the "Gospel in the Earthquake":

We are proud of the conspicuous and leading part which our country has taken in the recent splendid manifestation of the family spirit of sympathy and devotion in the relief of stricken Italy,—proud of the part taken by our President, our Congress, our states, our navy,—our people everywhere! It is a good omen for the future. It makes us think that if the nations of the earth had more frequent opportunities for doing good together they might be less inclined to prepare for war all the time.

But, alas! it is a world of strange contrasts and contradictions. For just at the very moment when we have this splendid manifestation of universal brotherhood, pouring forth sympathy and money and every kind of assistance for the aid of stricken Italy, we see going on in many directions unprecedented preparations for universal war. The contrast is peculiarly striking in our own country, where the same Congress that was asked to appropriate a million dollars and send ships and supplies to suffering Italy is at almost the same moment asked to spend fifteen or twenty millions on the construction of a new and more formidable kind of battleship than the world has even seen before,—a new and monstrous and more dreadful kind of "Dreadnaught." Think of it! in time of peace, just as we are responding so splendidly to this growing sentiment of international brotherhood, and showing the world how a nation in the family of nations should bring sympathy and aid and comfort to a sister nation, we are also preparing to build a fifteen million dollar Dreadnaught to use against our sister nations, and are setting the world a ruinous example of extravagance in the way of naval appropriations, acting just as though preparations for war were the most important function of the government. Think of the enormous naval appropriations asked for this year in the United States,—where we used to boast that the working man didn't have to go about his daily tasks carrying the burden of a soldier or a sailor on his back! Do not such contrasts seem rather appalling?

The same pitiful contrast is seen elsewhere. The whole world is stirred with pity and humanity and generosity; and yet the governments of the world seem to have gone navy-mad. It is bad enough to find that the visits of our globe-encircling battle fleet have inflamed the imaginations of South American statesmen and made them desire similar costly luxuries for their impecunious states; but the hopelessness of this insane navy-building competition comes out most strongly when we are informed that the English government has decided to adhere to the "two power standard" of naval appropriations. In other words, England is to try to live up to the old theory that her navy must be as powerful as the navies of any two countries that could possibly combine against her! I am tempted to say that such a mad and reckless competition shows the hopelessness of the situation, as it certainly shows the absurdity of the policy. But sometimes I think it shows the hopefulness of the situation. For the prophecies of M. Bloch are being realized. Nations simply can't stand such ruinous financial competitions much longer. Limitation of armament or national bankruptcy is the alternative which is beginning to stare them in the face. Of course it is an insult to human intelligence and a terrible indictment of our so-called statesmanship for civilized nations to go on in this blind, ruinous competition. But perhaps, after all, the cause of peace will make the wrath and folly of man to aid it in the end,—as Bloch prophesied.

Now what are we going to do about the situation? Here are the peoples of the earth growing more and more sympathetic and friendly and fraternal in their attitude towards one another—becoming more and more like a real family of nations, and the governments of these same people becoming more and more infatuated with "the game of war"—a terrible losing game, when the hardworking, overtaxed, peacefully disposed people pay the enormous stakes that are lost!

It is bad enough for other nations; but it seems inexcusable that we should lead the world in this suicidal game. The fact is, I don't believe our people realize what their government has been doing, or what tremendous changes have come in a few years.

I have here a personal letter from Dr. Hale in Washington, enclosing a generous contribution for the earthquake sufferers, which he wishes me to put into our church collections, and at the same time lamenting the possibility of this terrible proposed expenditure of twenty millions for a single battleship. "Think of it," he says. "I heard Sumner's peace oration in 1845. He amazed people by saying that the ship of the line, 'Ohio,' then new, cost $800,000, and that that was more than all the gifts made to Harvard College in 200 years. Now we propose to spend twenty millions on one ship!"

How small it makes our million dollar offering to the God of Love seem, when we think of the many millions of annual tribute paid to the God of War! Do you wonder that Dr. Hale wants to divert that twenty millions into a famine fund for the relief of suffering humanity? Think of it! We pride ourselves on our virtue, because for once we have devoted a million to the cause of suffering humanity and the God of Love,—when we are actually spending millions for war every month! What would Sumner, with his protest against an $800,000 ship of the line, think of our situation today?

And yet the encouraging fact still remains, there is in the world today an enormous and unprecedented amount of mutual respect and appreciation among the peoples of the world; an unprecedented amount of genuine sympathy and fraternal feeling, which really craves expression,—which shows its eagerness to express itself whenever it gets a chance to cut the red tape of diplomatic relations and speak as man to man and brother to brother. The trouble is, this humane and normal craving for expression ordinarily finds no adequate or appropiate outlet. The governments of the world are always getting ready to talk war. If they have a peaceful mission to perform, they have to send a war-ship on the errand. If they have an errand of mercy, they have to do it in a battleship! I really think that what the world needs is more adequate machinery for expressing good-will, and cultivating the peace and friendship which is the most important asset of civilization,—the best guarantee of prosperity and happiness and progress in art and science and industry.

Who was it said that we ought to have a Department of Peace and a Secretary of Peace, with a seat in the Cabinet, just as we now have a Department of War and a Secretary of War in the President's Cabinet? And why not? War is one of the things a nation has to be prepared for. But it is not anything like so important as preparing for peace and cultivating relations of friendship. Isn't it about time to take that suggestion seriously, and have a Minister of Peace who shall ask for appropriations for making friendships instead of war-ships; who shall arrange national and international peace conferences; who shall give his attention to building up the Court of International Justice at The Hague; who shall try to substitute an international police force for the rival armies and navies which disgrace the world today? Why not have a Secretary of Peace, who shall work for the limitation of armaments, and the establishment of the parliament of nations, already foreshadowed by the Interparliamentary Union? For every dollar appropriated for war let another dollar be appropriated for peace. The time has come to recognize and advertise the fact that the cultivation of peace and good will is the chief business of a government. Peace is the thing most needed to guarantee prosperity. International justice, and a properly organized family of nations, is the next great step in social and political evolution. It also represents the best aspirations of morality and religion. Why not organize the sentiment of the country and ask for a Department of Peace?

John Henry Palmer

A Memory.

It is with a feeling of mingled regret and relief that I announce the passing of Rev. J. H. Palmer, who died at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, January 22; regret, because something high and fine went with him out of the world; relief, because he no longer sits in the House of Pain help captive by "that strange power called weakness." After a long life of faithful and beautiful labor, he entered into rest, rich of mind, sweet of heart, beloved as a citizen, a minister, and a friend. He maintained for thirty-seven years the best traditions of a minister of religion—a teacher of large, liberal, catholic, hopeful faith, and a friend of every cause making for private happiness and public well-being. It was good to know him, and of great good to sit in the calm radiance of his sunset days.

John Henry Palmer was born at Akron, Ohio, November 23, 1838. He attended the common schools of his native town until 1859, when he won a scholarship in Hillsdale College, and at once entered that institution. He earned his money as he went along, alternating study with hard work in various occupations—part of the time teaching school. While thus engaged the call of Lincoln for "three hundred thousand more" reached him, and he enlisted as a private in the One Hundredth Ohio volunteer infantry. He was soon commissioned first lieutenant, and later promoted to a captaincy; but a severe illness put an end to his military life. After three years of invalidism, he moved to Nashville, Mich. In 1871 he entered the Universalist ministry, and subsequently held pastorates at Fenton, Rochester, Lapeer, Charlotte and Lansing, in that state. In 1889 he accepted a call to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he remained for nearly eleven years. After two year's service at Luzerne, Mich., and a six years' pastorate at Monroe, Wis., he was compelled by illness to relinquish active work. But these bare facts give no inkling of the simple, strong, noble manliness of the man, his valiant and tender spirit, or the grace and beauty of his ministry.

The first impression of Dr. Palmer was an unmistakable impression of character, of a certain fine strength and solidity of manhood. He was a man of positive nature, of firm faith, of high ideals, but withal of large charity and genuine love of his fellow men. In the pulpit he was always deeply thoughtful, instructing, and inspiring, bringing the fruits of a wide studentship and a rich experience to bear upon the tasks and duties of the common lot. Touch him on any point of principle or conduct, and he rang clear and true, and he knew no compromise with wrong. Companionable he was supremely, brotherly in spirit, tender in sympathy, wise in counsel, charming in conversation, what times we talked the hours away. He was—he is a man, for though he has vanished from among us, he still is and ever must be, to those who knew him, not only a bright memory, but a fruitful inspiration to goodness.

And at eventide there was light—light all around the sky. His faith was firm, and he journeyed to the end, like a traveler toward the sunset, with shining face. Only a few days before he died he read Wm. Winter's poem, "The Rubicon," but found it too wintry, and asked me to quote instead the lines of Browning, who wrote himself down as

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

Joseph Newton.

THE FLEET.

This is the song of the thousand men who are multiplied by twelve,
Sorted and sifted, tested, tried, and muscled to dig and delve.
They come from the hum of city and shop, they come from the farm and field,
And they plow the acres of ocean now, but, tell me, what is their yield?
This is the song of the sixteen ships to buffet the battle and gale,
And in every one we have thrown away a Harvard or a Yale.
Behold here the powers of Pittsburg, the mills of Lowell and Lynn,
And the furnaces roar and the boilers seethe, but what do their spindles spin?
This is the song of the long, long miles from Hampton to the Horn,
From the Horn away to the Western bay whence our guns are proudly borne.
A flying fleet and a host of hands to carry these rounds of shot!
For behold they have girdled the globe by half, and what is the gain they have got?
This is the song of the Wasters—aye, defenders, if you please,
Defenders against our fellows, with their wasters, even as these,
For we stumble still at the lesson known since ever the years were young,
That the chief defense of a nation is to guard its own hand and tongue.
This is the song of our folly, that we cry out a glad acclaim
At our slaughtering ships, in the shadow of which we should bow our heads in shame.
And we crown men brave who on land and wave fear not to die, but still,
Still first on the rolls of the world's brave souls are the men who fear to kill.
This is the song of *our* smallness (for the fault is not theirs, but ours)
That we chain these slaves to our galley-ships as the symbol of our powers,
That we clap applause, that we cry hurrahs, that we vent our unthinking breath,
For oh, we are proud that we flaunt this flesh in the markets of dismal death.

—*Edmund Vance Cooke in The Independent.*

Rizal: His "Noli Me Tangere."

A Paper Read at the Filipino Memorial Meeting at Abraham Lincoln Centre, December 30, 1908, by Jose P. Bantug.

Vox Rizali Vox Populi.

Ladies and Gentlemen: In a gathering like this, when we evoke the memory of those who have given us their all—fortune, talent, future, and even life itself—for the sake of the common good, and exalt with pride their righteous deeds, and recite the glory of their achievements, there comes to us the renewed aspiration to a greater and nobler existence and the hope for the dawn of a glorious morrow. And, as we take a retrospective view over the happenings of the yester years, to seek for a theme for this auspicious occasion, there suggests none more noble in my estimation than that of the immortal work of the immortal Rizal: "His 'Noli Me Tangere.'"

"'Noli Me Tangere' is the cry of wounded dignity," "a poet's story," as Howells writes, "of his people's love, faults, aspirations and wrongs."

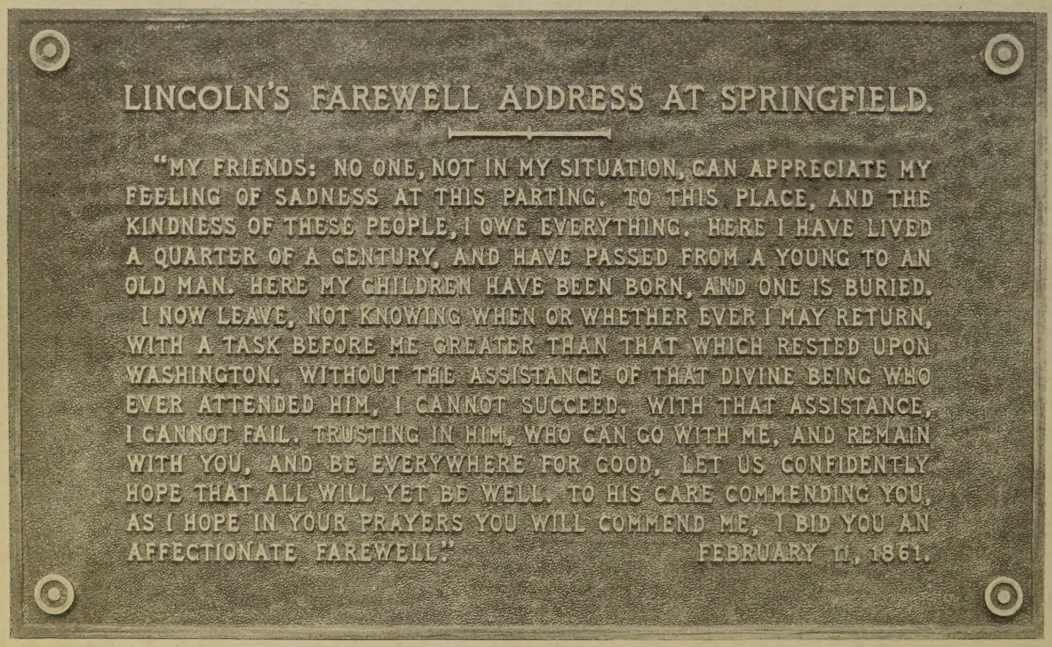
Wherever Rizal turned his gaze, it was met with corruption and cruelty in the government, and with ignorance and misery in the governed. As one of the people, he suffered their ills, as one of the elect, he felt called upon to take up their cause. "God," exclaimed one of his characters, "did not fail other peoples, nor will he fail ours! Their cause is liberty!" "Resignation is not always a virtue, it is a crime when it breeds tyranny." "It is necessary, too," he wrote on another occasion, "that we should all answer the question that the mother-country asks of us daily, when she stretches forth her enchained hands." And Rizal responded to the call.

The great Archimedes said, "Give me a lever and I shall lift the world." Well might Rizal have said, "Give me a pen and I shall move a people into action; give me a pen and I shall arouse them from their lethargic sleep of centuries, give me a pen and I shall tear asunder the fetters that bind them, dispel the ignorance that blinds them, and destroy the tyrants that oppress them."

Rizal began to write his book in Spain, continued it in France and finished it in Germany, where it was published at the beginning of 1887, and it was not till about the middle of the year that it found its way into the Philippines. But so strict was the censorship of the press at that time, that no sooner did it appear than it was proscribed, and the possession of it in the years of Spanish domination meant either imprisonment or banishment or even death to the possessor. The censorship of the press, that time-worn institution, is, as such, gone, but a vestige of it still remains in the so-called Libel Law of today, the bastard offspring of that once powerful but always hated institution. What the Inquisition was to religion in the dark ages of the world's history, the Censorship of the Press is to the intellect in modern times.

But what of the book itself? Let Rizal speak of it in his own words:

"'Noli Me Tangere,' words taken from the gospel of St. Luke, signify 'Do not touch me.' The book contains, then, those things of which no one has hitherto spoken in our land, for they are so delicate that they could not be touched on by anyone. As for me, I attempted to do what no one would do. I have had to answer the calumnies that have been heaped on our country for years. I have written of the social conditions, the life, our beliefs, our hopes, our desires, our complaints, our sorrows. . . . I have unmasked what was behind the deceitful and glittering words of our government. I have told our countrymen our wrongs, our vices, our faults, and our cowardly complaisance in the face of such wretchedness. Where I have found virtue I have spoken it aloud



THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS EVERYBODY KNOWS; THE SPRINGFIELD FAREWELL ADDRESS IS TO BE BETTER KNOWN. THEY ARE FITTING COMPANIONS. THESE TWO TABLETS WILL MAKE BEAUTIFUL AND IMPRESSIVE DECORATIONS FOR SCHOOL HOUSES, COLLEGES, LIBRARY HALLS AND CHURCHES. IT IS TOO LATE NOW FOR THE CENTENNIAL WEEK BUT NOT FOR THE CEN-

that I might render it homage. And if I have not wept when speaking of our misfortunes, I have laughed at them, for no one would care to weep with me over the ills of our country, and laughter is always good to hide sorrow.

" . . . That my book will have defects from the artistic and aesthetic standpoint, I will not deny; but no one can contest the impartiality of my narration."

Thus he reviews the pitiful story of a suffering people, and for the purpose of my theme let us now take a glimpse of the principal characters around which are woven the story of "Noli Me Tangere."

We first meet Don Juan Crisostomo Ibarra at a supper in Captain Tiago's residence on Calle Anloague in one of the richest suburbs in Manila. The supper had been given in honor of the young man, who had just come from Europe after an absence of seven years. As was to be expected, the principal topic of conversation was Europe, where Ibarra had sojourned for so many years. "I have always made it a point," he said, "to study the history of a country before visiting it, and I find that national development invariably follows perfectly natural rules. I have always noted that the prosperity or poverty of different peoples is in direct proportion to their liberties or lack of liberty, or in other words, in proportion to the sacrifices or selfishness of their forefathers."

"Is that all you have observed?" interrupted Father Damaso with a sarcastic laugh. "It is not worth while to squander your fortune for the purpose of learning such a trifle—a thing that every schoolboy knows."

Ibarra checked his emotions, and, excusing himself a moment later, left the table.

The next day this incident was being commented upon in one of the friar convents in Manila by two members of the order.

"Hostilities began last night," said the younger of the two, who had witnessed this occurrence.

"So soon," exclaimed the older man, "and how did it happen?"

And Father Sybila related briefly what had taken place between Father Damaso and Ibarra at the supper table.

The old man reclining in his sick-bed said, "It will be all the better for us if he declares himself our enemy. I prefer open attacks," he continued, "to the foolish praise and adulations of friends, for the truth, if flattery, is always paid for."

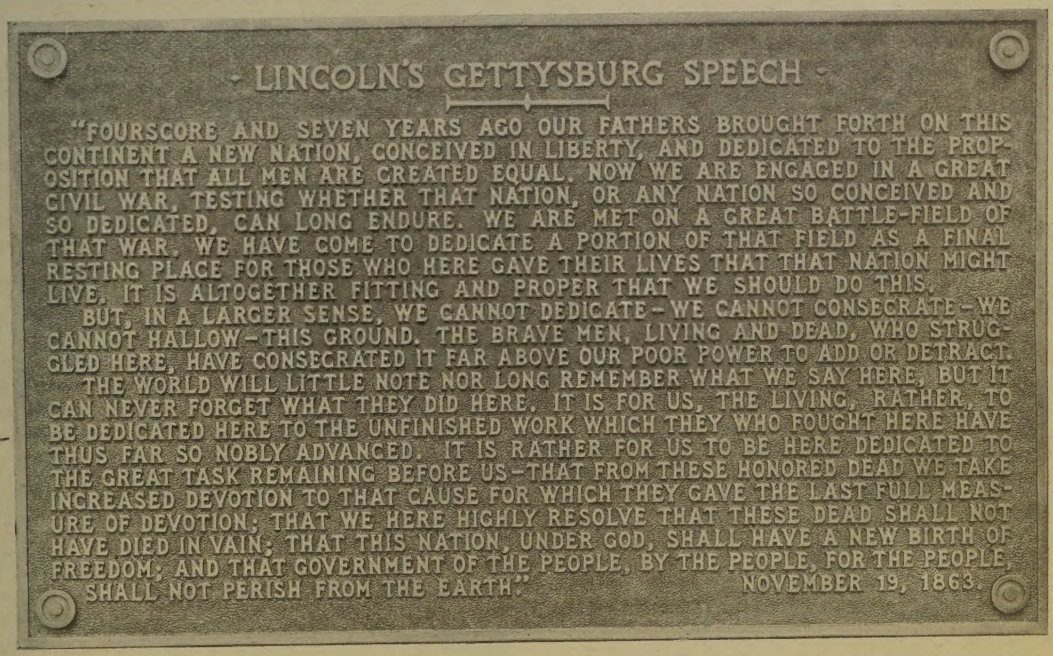
"Does your reverence think so?" ventured Father Sybila.

"Always bear this in mind," answered the old man, panting with fatigue, "that our power will endure as long as it is believed in. If they attack us, the government says, 'They attack them, because they see in them an obstacle to their liberty, therefore let us preserve them.'" And after a moment's pause, he added, "We are becoming ridiculous and on the day that we become ridiculous, we shall fall as we fell in Europe. . . . and when we cease to be rich, we shall no longer possess the great influence that we wield at present."

"Pshaw! We shall always have our property, our plantations. . . ."

But, with a prophetic insight, the old man interrupted Father Sybila, saying: "We shall lose them all as we lost them in Europe."

Ibarra had gone to his native town early the next day, and it being "All Saints' Day," he went to the cemetery, where he thought his father lay buried. But a bitter enemy persecuted his father even beyond the darkness of the tomb. The remains had been exhumed and thrown into the lake. And who was this enemy? It was Father Damaso. Ibarra came to know all this, and suffered in silence; he could have taken his revenge, but he had in mind the prestige of the church.



TENNIAL YEAR. GET READY FOR THE INSTALLATION OF THESE LINCOLN TABLETS ON DECORATION DAY, MAY 30, 1909. THE GILT FACED FUSED-METAL FORM GIVES ESSENTIALLY THE EFFECT OF BRONZE AND IS PARTICULARLY COMMENDED. FOR PARTICULARS SEE FIRST PAGE.

He would forget all and forgive all, if they would let him live in peace.

He had hardly arrived, when, thinking of the welfare of his people, he tried to establish a modern school-house for the children of his town. He sought the advice of an old man, a philosopher, whom his father was wont to consult in many things. The experience of his long years had made of him a pessimist, and he tried to dissuade the young man from the undertaking.

"I do not believe in this power of which you speak," replied the young man, "and even supposing it to be true, admitting that it is as you say, would I not still have on my side the sensible people and the government?"

"The government, ah! the government!" exclaimed the philosopher with bitterness, "however much the government may desire to uplift the country; however generous may be the Catholic kings in spirit, I must remind you in confidence that there is another power which does not allow the government to see, hear or judge, except what the curates or provincial priests wish. The government is afraid of the advancement of the people, and the people are afraid of the forces of government. So long as the government does not understand the people of the country, the country will never get out of this guardianship. The people will live like weak young children who tremble at the sound of the voice of their tutor, whose mercy they beg. The government has no dreams of a great future, a healthy development of the country. The people do not complain, because they have no voice. They do not move, because they are carefully watched. You say that they do not suffer, because you have not seen what would make your heart bleed. But some day you will see it! Alas! some day you will hear it. When the light of day is thrown on their monstrous forms, you will see a frightful reaction. That great force held back for centuries, that poison, distilled drop by drop, those sighs so long repressed—all will come to light and will some day burst forth. . . . Who will then pay the accounts which the people will present and which history preserves for us on its bloody pages?"

However, in spite of the pessimistic advice of the old philosopher, the construction of the school-house began; but in the laying of the corner-stone, a deep-rooted plot almost succeeded in destroying Ibarra's life.

"You have enemies," was Elias' warning to Ibarra. "Take care of yourself for the good of your country!" Elias was a man of the people, and in an interview with Ibarra sometime afterwards, in which he entreated the latter in the name of the people to present their grievances to the government, he said, "I am the spokesman of many unfortunate people."

"So they desire . . . ?"

"Radical reforms in the armed forces, in religious matters, and in the ministration of justice. That is to say, they ask for paternal care on the part of the government."

"Reforms? In what sense?"

"For example: more respect for human dignity, more security for the individual, less power in the hands of the forces already armed, fewer privileges for that body which easily abuses them."

The young man would not yield to the appeal of the people. He still had faith in the justice of the government.

"Alone," proceeded Elias, "we are nothing, it is true. Take up the cause of the people, unite them, listen to their voices, give others an example to follow, give them the idea of what is called a fatherland, a *patria!*"

"Never!" answered Ibarra, "I would never be the one to lead the multitude in what the government does not believe is opportune. No! If I ever saw the multitude armed for such a purpose, I would put myself on the side of the government. And I would fight for it, for in such a mob I would not see my country. I wish for its welfare: that is the reason that I am erecting the school-house. I look for it through means of instruction, education and progress. Without light there is no road."

"Nor without fighting is there liberty," replied Elias.

"I do not care for that kind of liberty."

"Without liberty there is no light," replied Elias, with enthusiasm. "You say that you know very little of your country. I believe it. You do not see the fight that is impending. You do not see the cloud on the horizon. The combat begins on the sphere of ideas, and then descends to tinge it with blood. I hear the voice of God. Woe to them who resist it. . . ."

"Do you not see how all is awakening? Sleep has lasted for centuries, but one day a thunderbolt will fall and a new life will be called forth. New tendencies are animating the spirits, and these tendencies, today separated, will be united some day, and will be guided by God. God has not failed other peoples, nor will he fail ours. Their cause is liberty."

Up to this time the young man had not known what it was to suffer. He had not known what it meant to be thrown into prison on the mere charge of "suspicion," and kept there for months without trial, or sent to exile because he dared to assert his right. Masters of the moment they did not think of the future. They did not know that they could imprison the body but not the soul, that they could stop the mouth but not the voice of conscience. Ibarra, as we have said, did not yield. But a revolution instigated by men in the dark breaks out, and Ibarra, without having the slightest participation in the uprising, is accused of being the leader of the revolt, and is thrown into prison, awaiting court-martial. Misfortune has at last torn the veil from his eyes. Thanks to Elias, he succeeded in escaping from the gloomy prison into which his enemies had thrown him. Ibarra, now illumined, said to Elias: "The solitude and misery of my prison life have taught me; now I see the horrible cancer which is sapping the life of society, which hangs to its flesh and which requires violent extirpation. They have opened my eyes; they have made me see the ulcer; they force me to become a criminal. . . . I will call upon the unfortunates, on all who have beating hearts within their breasts. . . . No, no! I will not be a criminal! It is never a crime to fight for one's country!"

Elias died in the pursuit. Ibarra escaped though seriously wounded, and believing his end to have come, he turned his face toward the east, and said with emotion: "I die without seeing the light of dawn on my country: you who shall see it, greet it. Do not forget those that fell in the night."

This is the story of Ibarra, the central figure in "Noli Me Tangere." This is the story of his people, of whom Rizal was the soul incarnate. "Rizal dead," says an illustrious Spaniard, "and everybody does him justice now," and "as he did not merit the penalty which he suffered, well might this be said of him, paraphrasing what he himself had said of the Filipino

priests executed in Bajumbayan in February, 1872,—that whosoever attacks his memory without clear proof stains his hands in his blood."

And as a remembrance of him "that fell in the night" and this, his greatest work, there soon will arise on the beautiful Luneta, a beautiful monument to be erected by a grateful people. Rizal, in an attitude of thoughtful contemplation, is holding his "Noli Me Tangere" in one hand and a pen in the other, while the goddess of glory offers him the martyr's crown and points with her fingers to the place of martyrdom.

The man is inseparably linked with his work.

In concluding these remarks, I find no more fitting tribute to the man and his works, and none that more truly expressed our feelings, than the following lises, with which the lamented Filipino poet, Jose Palma, closes his apostrophe to "Nole Me Tangere":

"Now I close thee. In the night of his sleep,
Peace to the patriot that wrote thy pages!
Tell him that his brothers do not forget him,
And that in each breast is erected an altar to him."

STUDY TABLE

Notes

From UNITY itself I have a complimentary copy of "David Swing, the Poet-Preacher." I do not know personally the author of this work, Mr. Joseph Fort Newton, but I do know that he has done a remarkably good piece of work. He understood Swing wonderfully well, and that is saying a good deal for any man. I have read over again two or three times his picture of the great preacher in his foreword. It is as good as a photograph, and better. He says of Swing, "He was an uncommon man with common principles, a meditative man in a noisy age, undisturbed by the base appetite for popularity, an example of the democracy of culture and the religious uses of common sense. It is as an atmosphere that he is remembered; a gentle, humane, refined spirit, touching the life of his city and his age, ameliorating its crudities, softening its harshness, and permanently modifying its spiritual climate." There, beat that if you can. That was Swing exactly. He was Socrates crossed with Jesus Christ; the very embodiment of Greek culture in a city that was toally ignorant of ancient thought and life. But Chicago is a queer place. It has a habit of breeding or homing characters unlike itself. There is Franklin Head, who has more of Shakespeare than can be found anywhere else in America, but he is a Chicago banker; and there is Jones himself, chock full of Browning and such like, but preaching every Sunday in the most modern sort of a business edifice, a practical fellow full of the impractical.

Those who have not yet subscribed for "Charities and The Commons" will find that a new style of magazines is growing up; less literary, more practical,—going right down into the heart of things and compelling us to go there too. The number for January 2 is a marvel. It makes a study of Pittsburg, the headquarters of foreign influence, as well as American rascality.

One of the most complete and beautiful books that ever came to the table is from Bates and Guild Co., of Boston: "The Madonna," by Philip L. Hale. Here we have a brief discussion of all the more noted Madonnas, from Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Del Sarto, Murillo, Botticelli, etc. The illustrations are full page, and perfect. I hope you may become the possessor of one of these delicate and beautiful books.

Send to the Postmaster General's office at Washington, and get a copy of his annual report; get several of them, and as far as possible secure a thorough study the parcels post. It is high time that the people compelled Congress to give them their rights. It costs more to send a package from Chicago to St. Louis than from Chicago to Berlin. In the one case we can only send four pounds, and in the other several times four.

A few years ago I had the pleasure of expressing my delight over a book which came like a sweet south wind on a May day. It was Stewart Edward White's "The Blazed Trail." Every page was a picture and every line expressed genius. I go back to this book occasionally for an hour's joy just as I would go to Spenser or Chaucer. The book is pure literature. It is one of the few volumes that indicate what America is going to do when she will take a bit of time to do it in,—too rattling busy now earning the dollars. The other day a new edition of this delightful book was laid on the table, with the compliments of Doubleday, Page, and Company, who now hold the McClure copyrights. It goes on a special shelf with that delightful biography of Swing—two satisfying books in one mail.

E. P. POWELL.

"Great Men of the Christian Church," by Williston Walker; The University of Chicago Press; $1.50 postpaid. This book adds another to the Constructive Bible Studies Series, and is designed for use in the advanced department of the Sunday-school. It consists of a series of twenty brief (averaging fifteen pages each) biographies of some of the great men of the church from the time of Justin Martyr to that of Horace Bushnell. The principle of selection followed by the writer in determining his list was, "to treat of really representative men, and to illustrate the manifold variety of Christian service, life and experience." The author, designing the book for the reader or student without technical training in church history, gives considerable attention to the general condition of the church or of thought in the periods in which the leaders he described did their work. This helps the reader to appreciate the relation of the leader to his times. At the close of each biographical sketch there are references to additional reading in the more accessible works in the English language, and an appended list of questions for help in review, or as suggestions to teachers.

H. F. BURNS.

901 South Spaulding Ave.

Every gift that declines to serve is no inspiration of God, but has lent itself to some Satan promising it all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them.

—*Martineau.*

Great and sacred is obedience: he who is not able, in the highest majesty of manhood, to obey, with a clear and open brow, a law higher than himself, is barren of all faith and love, and tightens his chains in struggling to be free.

—*Martineau.*

THE HOME

HELPS TO HIGH LIVING.

SUN.—Whatever God designs he will do for me yet.
MON.—Learn the laws and obey them.
TUES.—Revolutionize through the ballot-box.
WED.—Gold is good in its place; but living, brave and patriotic men are better than gold.
THURS.—Mercy bears richer rewards than strict Justice.
FRI.—Punishment has to follow sin.
SAT.—If it must be that I go down, let me go down linked to truth.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

SLEEPY TIME.

Good-night, little baby,
I've counted your toes,
I've kissed all your fingers,
And rumpled your nose.

Good-night, little baby,
The day's gone away;
The big, tired darkness
Doesn't know how to play.

Good-night, little baby,
My arms are the bed,
My heart is the pillow,
My love is the spread.
—*Anita Fitch, in the Century.*

Their Fairy Neighbor

Betty and her father and mother had just moved into the green cottage, and they did not know a single neighbor on the street. That first night while they were at tea the back door bell rang. Betty ran to see who was there, and came back, her eyes big and shining.

"There wasn't anybody there, and this was on the sill!" she said. "This" was a plate of hot muffins, covered with a napkin.

They ate the muffins and wondered who could have been so thoughtful as to send them, and it made them feel quite at home to know that they had such kind neighbors.

At breakfast the next morning the bell rang again, and, as before, Betty saw nobody; only she thought she saw the glimpse of something white flashing around the corner of the house. But when she had picked up the plate of piping hot pop-overs, and peeped around to see, there was no one in sight. They laughed and wondered, and enjoyed the pop-overs; and Betty said she was going to watch and find out who it was.

At noon she did watch for a while from the corner of the kitchen, but at last she grew hungry and went into the dining-room to eat her dinner. Pretty soon the bell rang again, and this time a little box of ice cream hung from the door knob; but nobody was in view.

"Well, I wonder how long this is going to keep up," said Betty's father.

"I wish we could say 'Thank you,'" said Betty's mother.

"Can't you write 'Thank you'?" asked Betty.

So Betty's father wrote on a slip of paper, "We should like to know our kind neighbor, so that we could thank her face to face as we do thank her in writing."

Betty pinned it up by the side of the door, and that night, when the big piece of chocolate cake came, she saw that it was gone.

The next morning, early, Betty's mother found a small bag of rolls on the door knob, and on the bag was written, "From your fairy."

This puzzled Betty a good deal. "Do you suppose it is really a fairy?" she asked her mother.

"I think you will know the fairy some day," she replied, "and then you can decide for yourself. Meantime, let us just wait and be glad."

After a few days, just as Betty concluded to watch through a whole meal, the fairy visits became irregular, so she gave up that plan. But one noon her mother sent her to the refrigerator, which was on the back piazza, for the pudding; and, as she started to open the door, she caught the sound of a light footstep and stood quite still, her heart fluttering wildly. In a second a little girl and a small basket of peaches came in sight,—a very astonished little girl she was, too! They stared at each other, and then they began to laugh, and Betty quickly recognized the little girl next door.

A merry time they had then, and Betty was overjoyed to have found out the secret of their fairy neighbor.—*Emma C. Dowd, in Good Housekeeping.*

A Grateful Patient

I cannot forget the emotion with which I was shown one evening a tiny sovereign gold piece given him by a grateful patient and guarded as a priceless treasure. A sailor from Norway had been operated on by Sir Frederick Treves in hospital. His life had been saved, and he had gone his way with the hundreds of others, who as a rule never call even to inquire who was the surgeon who "did the thing." Late one evening a timid knock brought Sir Frederick himself at that unusual hour to his door in Wimpole Street. A tall, gaunt sailor in threadbare attire asked if this was where "Mr. Treves lives." At his earnest request, though somewhat under protest, he was allowed to enter. He at once proceeded to get out a jack-knife, and from the lining of the belt of his trousers he cut out a small gold piece and offered it to Sir Frederick. On his refusal to accept it, the man was so hurt that Sir Frederick listened to his story. The man had, on leaving hospital, sought a berth at the London docks, but, being a stranger, had been unable to get one. He had got out of money, and had gone hungry day after day, though he knew that he had, sewn up in his waistband by his wife in Norway, the piece of gold in question. He had got so pulled down by bad living that he at last decided he must spend the money, but that very day had succeeded in getting a berth on a ship, and his advance had given the food he stood so sorely in need of. He had promptly tramped all the way to Wimpole Street. How he found out Sir Frederick's address was always a puzzle, for he was not the famous King's Surgeon in those days. All I was told was that the sailor did the thing so humbly, and yet so insistently, and departed so incontinently, that Sir Frederick found himself bowing into the darkness, holding the gold piece in his hand, and with an overwhelming sense of inferiority strongly impressed on his mind.—*Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell in February Putnam's.*

When the conduct of men is designed to be influenced, persuasion—kind, unassuming persuasion—should ever be adopted.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

POPULARIZING THE THEATER.—In view of the amazing and deeply significant multiplication of the nickel theaters in our midst, it is both pertinent and interesting to note what is being done in certain important centers in Germany by way of satisfying the perfectly natural and legitimate craving for theatrical entertainment on the part of the masses. In Dresden the society *Volkswohl* (Popular weal) has recently added a theater to its other lines of activity. A commodious, half-forgotten hall has been rented for a term of five years and skillfully remodeled so as to serve this many-sided organization as concert and lecture hall, place for social gatherings and club reunions as well as for entertainments and theatrical purposes. The hall itself is a large one capable of accommodating from 1,400 to 1,500 persons at tables and 1,700 to 1,800 seated in rows. Its already good acoustic properties have been improved by the alterations. The coatrooms are large, convenient and accessible, and ante-rooms numerous and spacious, capable of accommodating 500 to 600 persons. The stage is one of the largest in Dresden.

The location is a central and advantageous one, readily reached from all quarters of the city, the most distant street-car line being but a six minute walk distant. Being on the ground floor and provided with four commodious exits, this hall can be easily emptied in three minutes, so that its frequenters can feel quite secure from fire.

Aside from the main hall, with its admirable installation for concert and lecture purposes—including provision for illustrated lectures and moving pictures on a large scale—there are an admirable equipped dining room, a prettily decorated winter garden and smaller rooms adjoining. This part of the establishment will be run on the reform plan now found in so many resorts in Germany and Switzerland, special attention being given to the quality of the cooking and to the serving of non-alcoholic drinks. High-grade beers will be served on demand but the place being in charge of a salaried employe instead of a lessee, the patrons will be free from the ordinary compulsion to drink. The waiters, too, will be adequately paid and tipping will not be permitted. All these varied accommodations can be rented either singly or together at very reasonable rates.

All this, however, is in addition to the use of the hall as a carefully and fully equipped theater where, beginning the middle of last October, regular performances are given every Sunday evening throughout the season by a company of professional actors under the directions of a well-known manager, at prices within reach of all. The repertory includes Schiller's Kabale und Liebe and Maria Stuart, with plays by Töpfer, Kotzebue, Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer and others. Besides the Sunday evening performances, which are a sort of continuation of the open-air summer theater maintained by *Volkswohl* for the last twelve years, there is a new departure for family entertainment on Sunday afternoons. From four to six-thirty each Sunday afternoon, there is a play or a concert for adults in the main hall, with story-telling, moving-pictures or other entertainment for children in adjoining rooms, so that no mother need be kept at home by care of the children while the father goes alone to seek distraction in doubtful surroundings.

Still more original, perhaps, is the institution of the *Wandertheater*, or traveling theater, with its 6,000 members. Last June at the Annual meeting of the Saxon *Verband fur die Verbreitung von Volksbildung*, (association for the diffusion of popular culture), Professor Witowski, of the University of Leipzig, delivered an address on "The Theater of Today and Popular Culture," which is to be published by the Association. In connection with this address the announcement was made that the Dresden society *Volkswohl* was about to engage a theatrical company which could be put at the disposal of societies affiliated with the national association for several days each week. In other words the same company which plays in the *Volkswohl* hall on Sunday can be engaged by similar societies elsewhere for performances on any week day except Monday. This makes it possible to have really good dramatic performances at moderate prices, in cities and towns of Saxony too small to maintain a regular theater.

Nor is this the first attempt of this sort. In the fall of 1907, a Prussian society for the promotion of popular culture united with the Schiller Theater Society of Berlin in establishing a similar traveling theater which is now carrying out its second season's program. This includes plays by Goethe, Schiller, Grillparzer, Ibsen, Sudermann, Moliere and others. Another similar undertaking which seems to have passed the experimental stage has its headquarters in Frankfort and covers the Rhine-Main territory. All these are founded on a recognition of the cultural value of the theater and are well organized attempts to bring its advantages within the reach of all. America originated the traveling library but Germany seems to lead in establishing the traveling theater as an educational institution. M. E. H.

LINCOLN CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL.

The following circular has been sent out to the churches of Chicago and vicinity: "The undersigned have the honor to request that your society and allied organizations join in making the Lincoln Centennial an occasion which will stir up the minds of our citizens, and particularly our young people, to the necessity of better things in our civic life.

"It is suggested by the Committee that the churches, so far as possible, take up the theme on Sunday, February 7, in some form calculated to enlist the services of the young people, to be followed with such week day exercises as may be desired and are consonant with the general program arranged by the General Committee, and then close up the celebration by public Sunday exercises on the 14th of February devoted to the theme of Lincoln. In view of the great number of churches and institutions, it is imperative that each Society should take the matter in its own hands and give it the best possible attention. Will you not enter enthusiastically into the undertaking and help make it one long to be remembered? Of course, this request is made with the understanding that it shall not interfere with any plans of your society. Do it your own way, but let us do it well. Kindly send a copy of your program and any other information of interest regarding your plans to Nathan William MacChesney, secretary, 1323, 108 La Salle street.

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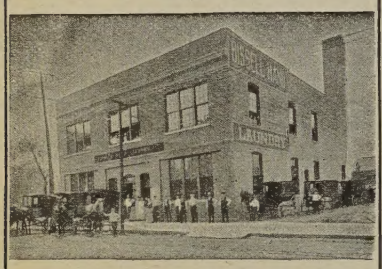

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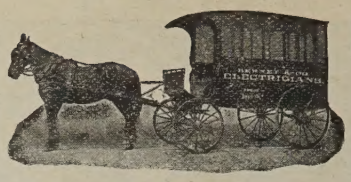

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